

Behind Semi- Closed Doors

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Behind Semi-Closed Doors by viptenchou

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: But Richie is 19 and a half, College kids fucking, Eddie is 18 and a half, I worked in my own humor and sarcasm, I wrote Eddie as a very bottomy bottom, I'll probably write more for them, I've decided that they're casual switches, I've forgotten how to write, Idk it just fit him, It's canon okay leave me alone, M/M, Not explicitly stated for the flow of this shitty oneshot, Richie is a dickhead, Richie is the BIGGEST SOFTIE FOR EDDIE, So AGED UP CHARACTERS, They have sex okay and it's cute alright, oh geez

Language: English

Characters: Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier, The Losers Club (IT)

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-10-02

Updated: 2017-10-02

Packaged: 2020-01-23 17:15:30

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,142

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Eddie is a Good Boy.

Richie is a Naughty Boy.

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Author's Note:

Playing around with Richie and Eddie romance dynamics, instead of killing them this time around!

Richie is undoubtedly a good influence. *Undoubtedly.*

"*Ouch*, Rich. Stop it." Richie grazes his teeth across the expanse of Eddie's neck, nipping lightly along the way causing him to protest. He clicks his tongue in response.

"Yeah, but *you like it*." The older boy (*by a few months*) mumbles against Eddie's skin, his now baritone voice sending shivers down his lover's spine.

Eddie adjusts his position hovering over Richie's lap, sitting down. Grabbing his boyfriend's face; rubbing, pinching and pulling at his cheeks in retaliation.

"*You got me there*." Eddie sighs dreamily as he leans in and angles his head upwards, because *goodness* has Richie hit a growth spurt in these past few years, to connect their lips. At first it is gentle and soft, then Eddie feels a steady hand travelling up under his shirt and so he gasps. Allowing Richie the perfect opportunity to deepen the kiss and lay Eddie down on his bed.

"I love you more than you know." Richie enunciates each word by smudging open-mouthed kisses down Eddie's neck.

"Whoa *whoa*, **no**. They'll definitely hear me, Richie and a-a-and the door is *OPEN*." His eyes look at the door, ajar just slightly- *definitely far from being shut*, in sheer terror as he tugs the long sweater (*Richie's that read 'kiss my ass' is dark red lettering*) he was wearing down to thighs. The Losers were downstairs raiding their shared apartment's closets for food and presumably pretending to do their coursework.

"We can. If you keep quiet. *Can you do that for me?* If you can, *I'll let you do what you want to me, with me*." His tone gets breathier and

breathier as he settles himself between Eddie's thighs.

Eddie covers his face in defeat and nods as Richie pulls down his track shorts down to about mid-thigh. Happily the older boy nudges his nose against Eddie's very obvious arousal and takes in his scent, something that he knows the younger boy is rather weak for. One of the reasons Eddie always refuses oral from Richie is because he likes to take his damn time.

"You *smell* really good." The Tozier boy comments devilishly, his tongue licking the tip of Eddie through his white boxer briefs then quickly switching to suck instead (**a habit they both hadn't grown out of*). "I bet you *taste* even better."

"Can you g-get along with it?" The younger boy felt like he was going to cry from the lack of direct contact. "Please?"

With that Richie pulls down the briefs and holds Eddie gently in his hand, "Since you begged so nicely." He traces the veins alongside his shaft and circles the tip with his tongue as Eddie covers his mouth with his splayed fingers. The nervous boy starts to pant and gulp down his whimpers while Richie sucks gently, bobbing his head up and down as *overly* obscene noises leave his mouth. Eddie starts to arch up into Ritchie's mouth which is absolutely *not* allowed so he pulls off and holds him in place. "Be a good boy now, Eds."

Eddie keens and gasps, his fingers fisting at the navy blue sheets below him, as he releases into Richie's mouth, at an embarrassingly quick rate.

"You could have at least warned me." Richie laughs, mouth still around his boyfriend's cock. The vibrations of his vocal cords are too much for Eddie so the younger boy knees him in the ribcage. "*Alright alright.*" The older boy says as he gets up to lick his lips and fingers.

"It hasn't even been that long, you know." Richie jests and Eddie turns over to groan into the bed.

"Stooooop it." His whine muffled into the mattress. Quickly he turns his head and looks at Richie's obvious erection. He always seems to get so turned on when giving fellatio. "Do you want me to-"

"No, but will you let me fuck you?" He asks, and it is a question. Richie never touches any one without their permission.

"Hard. *I want it hard.*"

"*Well I hope it's hard.*"

"Shut your fucking mouth and shove your cock into me, you stupid idiot."

Richie laughs at his joke as he presses a hand down on Eddie's tailbone, "You're going to get off without being touched." It wasn't an order or suggestion, *more so a promise* in a teasingly cheery tone. "But damn, it's gonna hurt like a motherfucker."

And with that he lies on top of Eddie and slides into him slowly, stretching him at an agonizing pace. He waits until Eddie is begging for him to move and grinding up against him to do just that. Purposely he starts slow, his hips moving in small circles. Then he picks up the pace, pinning his boyfriend's wrists down as he whispers obscenities into his ear.

"*You like this don't you? Your cock rubbing up against the mattress as I fuck you into it from behind? You want me to fucking wreck you huh?*"

Eddie laughs breathlessly as he digs his nails into the sheets, his groans and exasperated moans broken and hitched. "*Fuck, Richie.*"

Gradually as Richie built up momentum he bites and licks at the back of his lover's neck. This causes Eddie to close his eyes and bury his face in the mattress, trying to mask the mixture of arousal and newfound embarrassment. The mattress frame bumps against the wall when Richie pulls Eddie up to his knees. He pushes down on the back of Eddie's neck, forcing him to gasp and wheeze for air through his pathetic cries for mercy. After a few more shallow thrusts, Eddie succumbs as he all but collapses on the bed. Richie releases himself inside Eddie with a beautiful sheen of sweat on his forehead moments after.

"You're as wasted as a virgin, *Eds.*" Richie sneers as he slowly pulls out and hugs Eddie to his chest, tangling their legs and inhaling his

post-sex scent.

"Don't call me that."

"Eddie Ed Eds. My honey pie, sweetest boy I know, the most beautiful little fucker I've ever met. And fucked."

"I fucking hate you, you know that?"

"You *love* me." Richie singsongs, his fingers playing with the cum on the younger boy's abdomen.

"I get to fuck you tomorrow."

"Ooh, saucy. I love when you get like this. Do I at least get to get you off first? Huh, Daddy?" He finishes the sentence by licking and biting at Eddie's shoulder.

"Can you let my fucking dick rest!?" Eddie screams, exhausted, as his cock decides to harden again. He pulls his (*Richie's*) sweatshirt down again while his cheeks, ears, and neck redden beyond comprehension.

He tries his best to not laugh at his boyfriend, albeit failing as he buries his face in the crook of Eddie's neck.

(*the gag was that the both of them still wear white boxer briefs)

Author's Note:

Comments are always appreciated,
Thank you so so so much for reading!!